idolatry," they were exceptional, and they had an exceptional bringing up. They were allowed no rubbishy picture-books, but from the first Japanese prints and fans lined their nursery walls, and Walter Crane was their classic. If injudicious friends gave the wrong sort of present, it was promptly burned ! A mechanical mouse in which Edy, my little daughter, showed keen interest and delight, was taken away as being "realistic and common." Only wooden toys were allowed. This severe training proved so effective that when a doll dressed in a violent pink silk dress was given to Edy, she said it was " vulgar " !

By that time she had found a tongue, but until she was two years old she never spoke a word, though she seemed to notice everything with her grave dark eyes. We were out driving when I heard her voice for the first time :

" There's some more/'

She spoke quite distinctly. It was almost uncanny.

" More what ?" I asked in a trembling voice, afraid that having delivered herself once, she might lapse into dumbness.

" Birds ! "

The nursemaid, Essie, described Edy tersely as " a piece,[1]' while Teddy, who was adored by every one because he was fat and fair and angelic-looking, she called " the feather ol England."

" The feather of England " was considered by his sister a great coward. She used to hit "him on the head with a wooden spoon for crying, and exhort him, when he said, " Master Teddy afraid of the dark," to be a *woman* 1

I feel that if I go maundering on much longer about my

children, some one will exclaim, with a witty and delightful author when he saw " Peter Pan " for the seventh time :

[14] Oh, for an hour of Herod! " When I think of little Edy bringing me in minute bunches of flowers all the morning,